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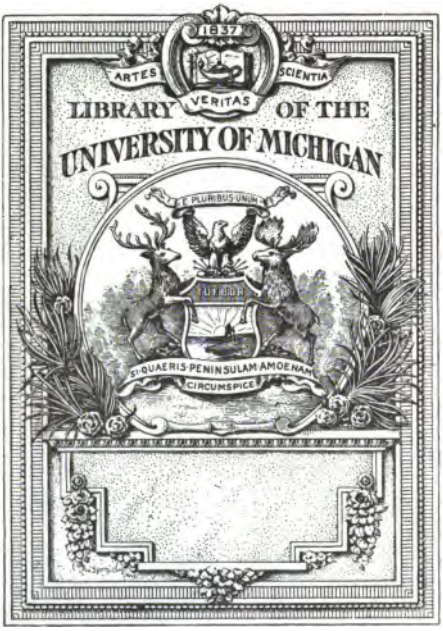
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# Midlothian Melodies

# Midlothian Melodies

MNEMONIC MAUNDERINGS OF
THE MERRY MUSE

BY

E. C. POTTER

POET LAUREATE, BY APPOINTMENT, OF THE
MIDLOTHIAN COUNTRY CLUB

*Edition de Luxe*

*Unabridged and Unexpurgated*

CHICAGO
FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY
1900

17 Jan. 12 - R.R.D.

# AUTHOR'S APOLOGY

Which has come to be a customary and expected feature, and is, at least, the polite thing to do. It seems eminently proper that the unsophisticated and trusting reader should be warned in time, that he may not fall into unlooked-for mental and moral gins and pitfalls. Therefore, the present author proposes to relieve his conscience by stating boldly at the outset that some of the enclosed gems were written, as opportunity offered or occasion required, for various functions of the Midlothian Country Club; while others, and by far the larger part, have no excuse whatever for their existence, and had better be perused with a wet cloth about the temples and the smelling-salts near at hand. Strange as it may seem, these waifs have tickled the fancy of many of the aforesaid Club members; and it is in response to this demand, and through the courtesy of Messrs. R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., that these "trifles light as air" are now committed to imperishable type, and the author's gratitude is hereby expressed.

230729

# Midlothian Melodies

# Midlothian Melodies

# Intercessional

**Lines written on the occasion of the farewell dinner to President George R. Thorne at Midlothian, September 30, 1899.**

**(With apologies to R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.)**

Our President, on pleasure bent
  Your steps toward foreign shores are turning.
All anxious we that you should be
  Faithful to us, all others spurning.
And so, in tears, these lines are writ,
Lest you fergit, lest you fergit.

St. Andrews' links were proud, methinks,
  Our worthy President to greet.
But I'm of mind that you will find
  Their Bogey's just as hard to beat.
This fact will cause us deep regret;
We would forget, could we forget.

In gay Paree we all agree
  There's fascinating sights and sounds.
Our confidence in you's intense;
  Be careful! don't play out of bounds!
Sometimes we do things we regret
And can't forget—and can't forget.

And if so be a ball you tee
  Upon old Cheops' summit hoar,
Just let your drive the thought revive
  Of how you made the "Knoll" in four!
To tell of that delights us yet.
We'll not forget—we'll not forget.

Upon the sand of India's strand,
  Or Himalaya's heights beyond,
The whirring ball to mind recall;
  The fearsome shot across the pond.
That dreadful pond that is so wet!
Who can forget—who can forget!

Remember Shedd, upon whose head
  Your crown now falls with fitting grace.
Of you bereft, there's none that's left
  Who can so nearly fill your place.
While Shedd is here you need not fret.
He won't forget—he won't forget.

Forget not Farr, whose watchwords are
  "Midlothian, and the Club's finances!"
Who spends his days devising ways
  Of separating facts from fancies.
It's always safe on Farr to bet.
You won't forget—please don't forget.

There's Goodman, too, whose name rings true.
The house he's carried on his shoulder.
He shows no wear from carking care,
And never grows a minute older.
To him the members owe a debt
None can forget—none can forget.

Our worthy Judge, who would not budge
So long as Jim would help him run it.
They stay right by though others fly;
"They seen their duty and they done it."
A worthier pair you never met.
You can't forget—must not forget.

There's Harry Taft, who's nearly daft
With writing notices and minutes;
Our Secretary, so excellent, very,
Is always most distinctly "in it."
He fills his job like any "vet."
We've never known him to forget.

A Scottish king, so poets sing,
Was by a Wallace overthrown.
Behold the token of records broken
By Wallace whom we call our own.
He surely is Midlothian's pet.
Will you forget? You *can't* forget.

So fare you well, and speed you fair!
Our hearts will ever with you be.
What wonder our dejected air?
Midlothian's Pa is over sea.
In spirit we'll be with you yet.
We never, never, can forget.

# Elegy on a Country Golf Links

Lines written for the Harvest Home Dinner at Midlothian, October 14, 1899.

The 'bus-gong tolls the knell of parting day,
  The slow steam-roller crawls athwart the lea,
The caddie homeward wends his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the golf-ball wheels its whirring flight,
  And muttered cuss-words float across the wolds.

Beneath those spreading elms, that burr-oak's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in the bunker where his hopes were laid,
  The hopeless duffers of the golf-club sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
  The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
Boss Cock's shrill whistle, or the megaphone,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them the echoing shout shall ring no more,
Nor busy barkeep mix the high-ball rare ;
No caddies run to wonder at the score,
Nor envious friends their glory strive to share.

Perchance in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once fired with hopes his skill beyond ;
And many a record that he might have made
Came all to nothing when he tried the pond.

Full many a ball of whitest hue serene
In dark unfathomed depths that pond doth bear;
Full many a shot that should have reached the green
Is wasted effort in the mud down there.

Some village Bristol, who with dauntless breast
The Colonel Bogie of the links withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Morron here may rest ;
Some Russell, guiltless of his partner's blood.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never yearned for more
Than chance to taste the sweetest thing in life—
To hear "Link" Turner tell about his score.

Haply some hoary-headed "pro." may say :
"Oft have I seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with eager feet the dews away
To practice putts upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder spreading oak,
That scarce could screen him from the sun so hot,
A cuppy lie profane remarks provoke,
And wonder why he topped his brassey shot.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping woeful-wan as one forlorn—
He'd sliced his ball, nor wist not where he drove.

"One day I missed him on the 'customed knoll,
Along the green and in his favorite nook.
At last I found him, reaching with a pole,
And dredging with a dip-net in the brook."

No longer seek their merits to disclose,
Or draw their frailties from their dread abode.
There they alike in trembling fear repose,
For divots mark the path they once have trod.

# The Golfer's Soliloquy

**Being on the edge of the last green "all even."**

To loft or not to loft, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis safer with a well-pitched shot to try
And lay the ball right dead upon the hole,
Or with the putter try to hole it out,
Or lay a stymie. To loft—to fluke—
No more; and by a fluke to say we end
The match and all the chances we have run
Of losing it—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To loft—to fluke—
To fluke! Perchance to foozle—there's the rub;
For in that foozle what despair may come
When we have played the like and so again
Must play the odd! There's the misplay
That makes calamity of our record game.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The caddie's sneer, his backers' contumely,
The pangs of bunkered shots, the cuppy lies,
The opponent's insolence, and e'en the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself is sure of his approach
With lofting mashie? Who would load himself

With niblicks, crans, and every kind of club,
But that the dread of something on the green,
Some hazard or some crab-hole from whose
bourne
No golf ball e'er returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard, their arguments turned awry
And lose the name of action.

# To a Golf-Ball

**On Finding One in the Grass.**

Wee, modest, weather-stainèd sphere,
How comes it that I find ye here
Where ye have lain for many a year
    In spot secluded?
How have ye, with the green so near,
    All search eluded?

Who was the wight who drove ye thus?
Were ye resigned without a fuss,
Or did he incontinently cuss
    Because ye vanished?
Belike a match was on, and thus
    All hopes were banished.

I gaze with awe upon thy gashes,
So eloquent of cleeks and mashies,
And here 's a cut betrays the thrashes
    Of keen-edged brassey;
Or made by niblick's lightning flashes
    In hands of lassie.

I seek in vain thy make and name.
Wert thou as "Bramble" known to fame?

Did "Silvertown" thy merits claim,
Or "Musselborough"?
Whate'er ye were, or whence ye came,
Your ruin's thorough!

Insensate lump of molded gutta!
I ne'er essayed to use a putta
But my discomfiture was utta
Through thy mad pranks!
Unwittingly some words I 'd mutta
That were not thanks!

Far be it from me to despise;
Ye have a value in my eyes
That 's not proportioned to thy size,
However small.
In fact, I hold ye as a prize,
Ye battered ball!

With others of your kin and kith
I 'll hand ye o'er to Willie Smith —
Now what I tell ye is no myth —
He 'll make ye new!
I don't know what he does it with,
But yet it 's true!

# The Man with the Hoe

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground;
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burden of the world.
Before him yawns the bunker's dreaded deeps,
The sand as by a typhoon whirled and tossed;
And in a corner, jammed beneath a cop,
Lies the d——d ball.

Full many a vicious swipe
He leveled at that ball, and many a stroke
Was added to his score, but all in vain.
From out his well-filled bag each club in turn
He seized, and smote the unresisting sphere.
The lofter and the mashie failed complete;
E'en the fierce niblick failed to hoist it out.
And now the atmosphere is rent and torn
With howls of baffled rage and curses deep.
Anathema Maranatha is pronounced,
And the dread powers of Hades are invoked
Upon the ball, the bunker, and the game.
The terror-stricken caddie climbs a tree,
And breathes a prayer that he may 'scape unseen.

Haply a Hayseed passes with a hoe.
Like as a drowning man the floating straw,
So doth our golfer pounce upon the hoe
And deftly scrapes the ball from out the sand
And strikes the attitude above described.
Swiftly descends the caddie from the tree,
And straight he thrusts the hoe within the bag.
Eftsoons the Hayseed fondles the "long green"
And gleeful goes his way in merry mood.
The golfer now proceedeth with his game,
And soon his equanimity returns,
Aided thereto by many a clever stroke
And by the fact that he is bunker-proof.
Blithely he makes his round, and soon 'tis o'er.
With sprightly steps the smoking-room he seeks,
Commands a high-ball of heroic size,
And as the mellowing spirit works its will,
He views the world and all mankind with thoughts
Grown kind and ever kinder. As his eye falls
Upon the modest hoe within the bag,
Surrounded by the other grosser clubs,
In the exuberance of his cheerfulness
And in slight recognition of his debt
He toasts it once again, and sinks to rest.

# The Pessimist

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
Our much-vaunted skill in this ancient Scotch game
Doth vanish until there's naught left but the name.

We start quite puffed up from the No. One tee,
With a lurking idea we *may* do it in three.
But the hope we have fostered so fervent and fond
May suffer a chill from the damp of the pond.

Ambition that soared at the No. Two tee
Falls limply to earth e'er we reach No. Three.
While the "Heart of Midlothian" dashes to earth
The joy that a beautiful tee-shot gave birth.

And what is the use of reviling our fate
When we fail to beat "bogey" in playing the "gate."
And nothing our skill so completely confounds
If our No. Six drive lands the ball out of bounds.

Our play for the Seventh of course is all wrong;
The lies they are cuppy, the grass it is long.

We find all the bunkers and trouble galore—
The "bogey" is six—it takes us four more.

The Eighth is "dead easy"—were't not for the brook.
The Ninth was a "cinch"—but the course we forsook.
We're "quite off our game"—we "find we're not fit";
Our patience is gone, and we're ready to quit.

No matter how well we think we can play,
It never is safe to be "getting too gay."
Perfection of style should not make us o'erbold,
For a "rub of the green" may "lay us out cold."

For we are the same things our fathers have been.
We see the same hazards our fathers have seen.
We use the same caddies and play the same clubs,
We make the same flukes and "dub" the same "dubs."

The shots we are trying for, they too would try.
The foozles we're flying from, they too would fly.
To the record we're clinging to, they too would cling,
But it speeds from our grasp like a bird on the wing.

Yea, hope and despondence and pleasure and pain
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain.
The approach and the stymie, the drive and the slice
Still follow each other in a way that's not nice.

'Tis the draught of a breath, 'tis the twink of an eye,
From a shot off a tee to a shocking bad lie.
By vict'ry we're gladdened, by defeat we are cowed—
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

# A Reminiscence

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis
early morn:
Leave me here, and when you want me sound
upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, I see
again;
Joyous throngs of happy people swarming round
Midlothian.

Here about the links I wandered, nourishing a hope
sublime,
With the fairy tales of Whigham and the long
result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land
reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise
that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye
could see—
Saw the vision of the medal and the wonder that
would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself
another crest;

In the spring the sporty member feels himself
a little off;
In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns
to thoughts of golf.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should
be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute
observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak
the truth to me;
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being
sets to thee.

Lo, these many months you've watched me with
an int'rest close and warm;
Tell me, dearest, as you love me, now what think
you of my form?"

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color
and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the
northern night.

And she turned — her bosom shaken with a sudden
storm of sighs —
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of
hazel eyes —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing just this
very thing;
But I've nearly died a-laughing watching your
St. Andrews swing."

Many a morning on the moorland have I coached
her through her game;
Lugged her clubs when caddies failed us, praised
her where was naught but blame.

Many an eve on the veranda have I given her
valued tips,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching
of the lips.

Oh, my cousin, shallow-hearted! Oh, my Amy,
mine no more!
Oh, the dreary, dreary moorland! Oh, the barren,
barren shore!

Is it well to wish thee happy — having known me,
to decline
To commend my style of driving, favoring poorer
forms than mine?

Yet it shall be; thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
All the strokes I once had taught you count for nothing in your play.

As the husband is the wife is; thou art mated to a duffer,
And by justest compensation you alone will have to suffer.

He will hold thee, whose affection you considered such a boon,
Something better than his mashie, something dearer than his spoon.

Were you pleased when news was brought you, of the score the other day,
When I smashed him good and plenty, seven up and six to play?

Were you glad or were you sorry; were you with misgivings rent
When you read in daily papers how I won the tournament?

And the swing you once made fun of — does it seem now such a joke?
It has won all driving contests, every record it has broke.

I hold the record for the course; I 've even beaten
Willie Smith,
And that terror Colonel Bogey is to me a shad-
owy myth.

Round the links a wondering gallery views with
awe my playing, while
A crowd of servile imitators strive in vain to get
my style.

I have won enough of silverware to stock a coun-
try store;
But every cup I win just makes me still more
hungry for some more.

Yet all the glory that I gain will never soothe
that leaden ache;
My life is spent in proving how you made a serious
mistake.

Howsoever these things be, the time has come
when we must part;
Here, 'tis true, I learned my game; but here
I leave a broken heart.

All these bitter, bitter mem'ries strive I from my
mind to rub;
So I 'm going down to Homewood for to start
another club.

# A Joyful Greeting

TUNE—"ANTIOCH."

**As sung by the Apollinaris Belvedere Quartette at a dinner given by the Board of Directors to President George R. Thorne, at Midlothian Country Club.**

Saturday, October 13, 1900.

J. G. SHEDD, Ten-or-eleven.
J. R. MORRON, Bare-of-tone.
"LINKY" TURNER, Second-class bass.
E. C. POTTER, Very base.

Joy to the world, our Thorne has come! He's been
so long away!
Let every heart prepare him room, let every one
get gay!

Joy to the world, he's home again, he's in his native
land!
Our pleasure voicing, with great rejoicing we give
him the glad hand.

Joy to the world, our Shedd stayed home to boss
this kingless realm.
If he went too, what should we do—a ship without
a helm!

Joy to the world, John Neely stayed. That would
have been a blow!
While he is here we've nought to fear from running
short of dough.

Joy to to the world, our Noyes remained to brace
up all the boys.
No noisy noise annoys our Noyes, no noise annoys
our Noyes.

Joy to the world, though Walter went, he very soon
came back;
For Union Traction was such an attraction, that
dear attractive track!

Joy to the world, our J. B. P. doth still with us
remain.
The water of youth he thought he found, forsooth
—but never will again!

Joy to the world, our Goodman stayed—he must
have had a tip—
With jealous eyes to scrutinize our exclusive mem-
bership.

Joy to the world, Bob Mather stayed and took
Midlothian's part
When Warren G. of the C. R. I & P. gave us the
marble heart.

Joy to the world, our Charlie stayed ; he would not
be so rash.
The chief of his delights is sitting up o' nights
a-balancing his cash.

Joy to the world, our own John Clay would ne'er
desert the Club;
Whoever sees him play, in truthfulness can say,
"Hoot, mon ! He is no dub !"

Joy to the world, our Kenneth stayed ; we should
be all awry
If he should leave, for we believe he is our wisest
guy.

Joy to the world, our Billy stayed ; the reason we
shall see:
He won by just one up both the Medal and the
Cup ; a two-times winner, he.

Joy to the world, our Morron stayed, that prince of
clever gents !
What would our team have been if it were not for
him ? It would look like thirty cents !

Joy to the world, "Link" Turner stayed, and saved
us from despair;
For in the Vardon days we were driven almost
crazy, but he never turned a hair !

Joy to the world that this great Club is ruled by such a Board !
The wisdom of the ages, the learning of the sages, within its brain is stored.

—E. C. P.

---

Joy to the world, Ed Potter stayed ; he's the best we've ever seen;
He looks after the links, smooths out all the kinks, and is Captain of the Green.

—J. R. M.

AMEN !

# A Toast

October 13, 1900.

A year ago, 'mid grief and woe, the parting filled
our hearts with pain.
But now our sadness is changed to gladness — our
President is home again.
O'er seas and oceans with fond emotions we've fol-
lowed him on his winding way,
With our hearts on fire with keen desire for the
advent of this blessed day.

He visited the fountain-head of this most ancient
royal game;
He's played, methinks, on every links that years
have given a world-wide fame.
By observation and discrimination his firm convic-
tions none can forestall.
We're mighty proud, for he hath avowed Midlothian
is the best of all.

The months of snow he spends at Pau — "le jeu de
golf" they call it there.
In spring again, at Compiegne he plays the game
and sees the Fair.

From summer's heat he makes retreat, as any fellow would have done,
And so he's got on board a yacht bound for the Land of the Midnight Sun.

On that promontory so grim and hoary that sternly frowns o'er the Arctic deeps,
In the mystic light of that strange midnight where the sun its solemn vigil keeps,
The visions come of the distant home, the sum and center of all earthly joy,
And his heart is thronging with love and longing for the bonny prairies of Illinois.

But now he's home, no more to roam, and joy untrammeled rules the roast.
And in his praise this cup I raise and pledge you all in this my toast:
"To George R. Thorne; no man is born can find his equal, try who can!
Behold him here whom we revere, the truest type of gentleman!"

# Midlothian Team Song

**Composed for and First Sung on the Trip to Kansas City.**

AIR—"SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT."

I looked over yonder, and who did I see?
Oh, my! The games he's won!
'Twas Billy Bristol at the eighteenth tee.
Midlothian's champion!

CHORUS.

Midlo—Midlothian! Never was a team like you!
Midlo—Midlothian! Never was a team like you!

Who did I meet as I came in?
Be sure I am telling you true.
'Twas old Jim Hinkley and Sallie Lynn*—
Never was a team like you!
CHORUS.

Now who's that yonder a-wearing that smile—
A smile of childlike glee?
'Tis Wallace de Golf displaying his style
To an admiring galleree.
CHORUS.

*Sarah Lynn Hinkley, the lady champion of Midlothian.

Who did I see behind the barn
When the shadows began to fall ?
'Twas old Rube Donnelley trying to larn
To keep his eye on the ball.
CHORUS.

And who was that 'longside of Rube ?
They made a pretty pair.
As sure as the world 'twas old Prof. Zeub,
A-filling him with hot air.
CHORUS.

Who did I see as I walked round,
A-making those fearful dubs ?
'Twas Jin Ricky Morron plowing up the ground,
Breaking in a new set of clubs.
CHORUS.

Who did I hear as I passed by,
A-cussin' till the air was blue ?
'Twas old Cal 'Mith with the eagle eye,
Trying for the twelfth in two !
CHORUS.

Now who was that, that I just passed ?
It looked like a ghostly shade.
'Twas old Colonel Bogey staring aghast
At the score John Stuart made.
CHORUS.

Who did I see a-wand'ring round,
As though he was off his nut ?
'Twas old Steady Gilson, his eye on the ground,
Trying for a thirty-foot putt.
CHORUS.

Now who was that I met outside
With a bagful of golfing tools ?
'Twas old Jim Stack with a Spalding Guide,
Trying for to learn the rules.
CHORUS.

But who was that, that I passed by
As I came through the town ?
'Twas Eddie Russell explaining why
He always comes in down.
CHORUS.

Now what was that queer-acting thing,
And what was it trying to do ?
'Twas just Bert Daniels practicing his swing
And trying for to follow through.
CHORUS.

But who was that a-making tracks
As frisky as a year-old colt ?
'Twas young John Clay with his battleax
A-giving the ball a jolt.
CHORUS.

But who owns that St. Andrews swing ?
Just look—oh, I don't know !
Why, that belongs to old Pierre Tyng,
Who gets off at Buffalo.
CHORUS.

Oh, this is the great Midlothian team ;
You all know who they are.
Of all the clubs they are the cream,
And wouldn't they give you a jar !
CHORUS.

# El Capitan

**Dedicated to Capt. John Reynolds Morron of the Midlothian Team.**

You see in him, my friends, a man of consummate
tact and skill.
His inmost nature tends to work his opponents as
he will.
See them shrinking as they're thinking
How they'll swallow the bitter pill.
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Midlothian !
Behold El Capitan !
Gaze on his captivating smile,
Notice his total lack of guile.
Come, match him if you can !
He is the owner of a faultless style.

Just leave the match to him and he their prowess
will quickly dim.
The game is as good as won when he is near to
cheer us on.
His voice inspiring, our courage firing,
Resistless is our daring, dash, and vim.
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Midlothian !
Behold El Capitan !

Gaze on his captivating smile,
Notice his total lack of guile.
Come, match him if you can!
He is the owner of a faultless style.

What though we are outplayed and very hazy our chances seem,
From all disaster his generalship will soon redeem.
Just keep on trying, on him relying,
For he is the idol of the team.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Midlothian!
Behold El Capitan!
Gaze on his captivating smile,
Notice his total lack of guile.
Come, match him if you can!
He is the owner of a faultless style.

# When the Cup Went Round

**At the Dinner Given to Captain J. R. Morron by the Midlothian Team, November 9, 1900.**

"LINK" TURNER:

Boon companion, comrade true,
Always jolly, never blue,
Full of cheer when full of drinks,
The Link that links us to the links.

FATHER THORNE:

Immortal George good Yankees all
The Father of his Country dub.
So we this George are proud to call
The Father of Midlothian Club.

OUR OWN WALLACE:

From care and trouble seeking solace
You 'll find it with complacent Wallace:
There 's but one thing that makes him sore —
De Wolf is ever at his door.

"BERT" DANIELS:

When Julius Cæsar was a kid
They did n't call him Bert;
Or if they did they should be chid,
Or otherwise get hurt.

But how does Bert come from J. C.?
That question is a teaser;
But it 's as plain as plain can be,
His name is Julius Cæsar.

"STEADY" GILSON:

There 's no mistaking from his looks
That here 's a man that deals in books.
His days are spent in sorting rubbish
To find out something fit to publish.
Such waste of time is sheerest folly,
At golf he 's such a hot tamale.

"BARON" CROSBY:

To Wagner he makes his offering votive,
And his every act is a leading motive.
When out to the links his way he is winging,
The "Walhalla" motive so gayly he 's singing.
But the one that we hear most frequently sung
Sounds strangely to us like "Götterdämmerung."

JIM STACK:

Across the fields I hear a cry;
The mocking echoes hurl it back;
Again it sounds, "Hi-yi! Hi-yi!"
And then I know it 's old Jim Stack.

"RUBY" DONNELLEY:

Some men are all head and others all belly;
But that's not the case with Reuben Don-nelley,
For when he goes out on a festive occasion
You'll find all his members in perfect equation.

"KID" RUSSELL:

Full of joy and fun and bustle,
Effervescent Eddie Russell;
Kind of human elevator,
That's his business and his natur.

"QUAKER" BRISTOL:

W. C. T. U.
Now will say some words to you;
He will tell, without his notes,
What he knows of Quaker oats;
You'll be glad when he is through,
W. C. T. U.

CHARLIE ATKINSON:

Health and wealth and length of days
To the golfer who both sings and plays;
Though, truth to tell, there's no gainsaying
His singing's better than his playing.

"CAL" SMITH:

John Calvin was a preacher of long enduring
fame;
Our Calvin is a teacher of the gospel of the
game.
His creed is not so sinister
As was the earlier minister.

JIM HINKLEY:

You all know our dandy Jimmie,
Owner of the fancy "shimmy"
That adorns his manly frame
When he plays the ancient game.

OLD SPORT:

Broad gauge, wide tread,
Large heart, great head,
High-toned, well bred,
Yours truly, John Shedd.

POET "LAUREL":

And now behold the humble bard
Who all these heroes' deeds relates.
You bet he finds it mighty hard
When he strikes a lot of "skates."

With courage high, with tongue of fire,
  Without a thought of pay or pelf,
He struggles nobly with his lyre,
  For he is quite a liar himself.
Without a thought but for his art,
  Without a care for coming morrows—
Yet this last job has broke his heart,
  And thus he seeks to drown his sorrows.
(Drinks.)

# Midlothian Team Chant and Responses

CHANT IN UNISON:

Bill Bristol, stand you up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

BRISTOL:

Where is the man who can survive
The deadly nature of my drive?
He never will come in alive—
And that's what I will do.

CHANT:

Jim Hinkley, stand you up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

HINKLEY:

Each opportunity I'll seek
To bring in play my deadly cleek
And swat the ball into next week—
And that's what I will do.

CHANT :

Bert Daniels, stand you up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

DANIELS :

If fair success my efforts crown,
I'll bring my man in just ten down,
And thereby win me great renown—
And that's what I will do.

CHANT :

Now Wallace, stand you up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

DE WOLF :

If my opponent lose a ball,
My watch I'll pull and time I'll call,
And that's the way I'll make him fall—
And that's what I will do.

CHANT :

Ed Russell, stand you up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

RUSSELL:

Although I rarely win a cup,
At least I'll come in even up,
And if I don't then I'm a pup—
And that's what I will do.

CHANT:

Now Gilson, stand you up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

GILSON:

I'll putt the ball from off the green,
The puttiest putt was ever seen,
And that will frost my man, I ween—
And that's what I will do.

CHANT:

Rube Donnelley, stand you up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

DONNELLEY:

If I can keep inside the course,
I'll show them that I'm not so worse,
And with my man I will play horse—
And that's what I will do.

CHANT :

Jim Stack, now stand you up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

STACK :

If my opponent should get gay,
I'll then put up some iron play
That may perhaps help win the day—
And that's what I will do.

CHANT :

Now Crosby, stand you up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

CROSBY :

Though you may think I'm not so good,
I just keep right on sawing wood.
I'd like to have it understood
That that is what I'll do.

CHANT :

Now Calvin Smith, stand up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

SMITH :

Now if the wind blows from the west,
Then I can play my very best,
And I will give my man no rest—
And that's what I will do.

CHANT :

Charles Zeublin, stand you up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

ZEUBLIN :

My duty seems to me quite clear;
Of my opponent I've no fear,
I'll fill him with warm atmosphere—
And that's what I will do.

CHANT :

Ed Potter, stand you up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

POTTER :

The weakest member of the team,
I'm not so easy as I seem;
Sometimes I may the match redeem—
And that's what I will do.

CHANT :

John Morron, stand you up and say
What you will do on that great day
When we go out a match to play—
Now tell us what you'll do.

MORRON :

Whene'er the match seems in suspense,
In me you may have confidence;
I'll make them look like thirty cents—
And that's what I will do.

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